NEWS
FROM THE
EXCHANGE:
OR, THE
PAPIST
Acting the *QUAKER.*

Being a true Account of a Fanatical Penance enjoyned by a Priest of the Church of of *Rome*, and performed by one of her Obedient Sons at the Royal *Exchange* *London*, the 14th. of this Instant *January*, 1674.

Where openly pulling off his Shooes and Stockings in *Change-Time*, he march'd from thence with much Solemnity, Bare-Headed, Bare-Foot, and Bare-Legg'd through the *City* into the *Strand.*

LONDON,
Printed for *P. D.* in *Little-Brittain*, 1674.

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The Popiſh-Pennance Fanatically Acted at the *Exchange*, &c.

REligion is undoubtedly the happieſt Characteriſtick to Difference men from brutes. whence the Apoſtle (*Rom.* 12.) excellently Phraſes it, τὴν λογικὴν λατρείαν, a Reaſonable Worſhip or Service; for certainly Infinite Wiſdom delights not in the Fulſome Sacrifices of Folly, nor will admit Apiſh Abſurdities any ſhare amongſt its Adorable Myſteries: Yet *Rome*, (whoſe Pride confines all Chriſtianity to her Pale, and allows no Wedding Garment but what is of her own ſpinning) abounds both in Doctrine & Practice with ſo many whimſical Fopperies, as if ſhe would ranke Extravagancy and Ridiculouſneſs amongſt the prime marks of the Catholick Church: For proof of this, we might divert the Reader by diſplaying their grand Tenents Tranſubſtantiation, Merit, Supererrogation, computing the number of their Oriſons by Beads, leſt forſooth they ſhould cheat Heaven in the Reckoning; their praying both to and for the Dead; the Pybald Habits of their ſeveral Fryars equally Fooliſh and Superſtitious:

ſtitious: Their Chriſtening of Bells, and Baptizing of Infants with Conſecrated Spittle; their acting over our Saviours Nativity on *Chriſtmaſs*-morning, no leſs Comically than Prophanely; the Antick Dreſs and ſurprizing geſtures of their Prieſts at ſolemn Maſſes, tranſcending in variety of Poſtures, Shrugs, Cringes and Courtſies, the Grimaces of a Mountebanks Zany, or Capricio's of a Frenchyfied Gallant in preſence of his Miſtriſs; each of which were enough to ſhake a ſtoical Gravity into a fit of Laughter, did not Charity invite rather to bewail with Tears of Pitty the deplorable ſtate of poor Souls deluded with ſuch Zealous ſimplicities.

But that which is more pertinent to our preſent ſcope and ſubject, is the conſideration of their wonderful Penances whereby they fancy to anſwer Divine Juſtice, and Compenſate for the Eternal pains due for the worſt of Sins; of theſe a ſmall converſe in Hiſtory might furniſh us with more than enow pleaſant Inſtances; for as Tyrants delight to render their Cruelties more ſmart and poynant by the exquiſite contrivance of their Tortures, ſo theſe Religious Uſurpers gratifie their inſulting ſpirits no leſs in the Ridiculouſneſs than in the ſeverity of theſe Mortifications, which they at pleaſure impoſe (under no leſs Threats than Eternal Damnation) upon their Lay-Vaſſals; thus have they Doom'd the backs of Princes to the Laſh of a ſawcy Monk; and ordered Ladies of the higheſt quality, for the ſmalleſt breach of their ſuperſtitious pleaſures, to go bare-foot in Pilgrimage a long way, on no other Errand but to kiſs the Gallowes.

Of Kin to theſe is our preſent Subject, to which (begging the Readers pardon for this tedious, yet we hope neither Unpleaſant nor Impertinent Preamble) our Pen

thinks

thinks it now more than time to addreſs it ſelf, the Story being briefly and truly thus:

ON *Wedneſday* the 14th. of *January* Inſtant, juſt at *Change time*, A Perſon known by divers to be a Gentleman of the *Red Letter*, or *Romiſh* Perſwaſion in point of Religion, about 40 years of Age, in very gentile and civil Habit, came to the *Royal Exchange*, *London*, where going under the *Piazza*, he pull'd off his Hat firſt, and laid it on the Seat there, then he took off his Cloak, and on the out-ſide thereof, near as high as his Shoulder, he fixed on a Printed picture of our Saviour on the Croſs, with theſe words in Latine under-written,

My God! My God! Why haſt Thou forſaken me?

Then lifting firſt his Eyes to Heaven, with a Countenance that expreſt a Superſtitious Devotion, he proceeded to pull off both his Shooes and Stockings; the latter of which he put in his pocket, but took his Hat and Shooes under his Arme, and then very ſolemnly put on his Cloak again, with the picture (ſo as aforeſaid) on his back, expoſed to open view.

Theſe ſtrange Actions and Deportments at that place and time (it being between Twelve and One of the Clock) you may aſſure your ſelf did not want for a croud of Spectators; and though many asked him his Reaſon or End for ſo doing, he could not be brought to give any ſatisfactory Anſwer, only in a civil language told them, *That he hoped he did not do them any Injury, and that he conceived it did not much import or concern them to be privy to the Reaſons of his Actions*, &c. No further account he would give, but in the poſture aforeſaid, bare-headed, bare-footed, and bare legg'd he began to walk with a grave, ſolemn pace and Countenance from the *Exchange*, and ſo proceeded all through *Cheap-*

ſide

ſide, *St. Pauls Church Yard* and *Fleetſtreet*; but in the *Strand* (or thereabouts) he went into a *Houſe*, it being high time to warm his Feet after ſo long a Pilgrimage on the cold ſtones.

His Picture by ſome of the gazeing Throng was pluckt off before he got far from the *Exchange*, and a proper grave Gentleman walkt all along with him through the *Streets*.

That this could be no other than a Pennance enjoyned on this perſon, by his Father Confeſſor, we conceive is evident from all Circumſtances, for he was far from giving any ſymptoms of Phrenſie, Diſtraction, or Unſoundneſs of Mind by his Looks, Words, or Geſtures, and walkt on very ſeriouſly, as if he minded his buſineſs, and ſhould be glad that it were over: But for what particular Crime the ſevere *Prieſt* ſhould order him this ſhameful *Penance* we cannot declare, thoſe things being kept *ſub ſigillo Confeſſionis*, A privacy ſo *Sacred*, that ſome of their *Romiſh Caſuiſts* reſolve, that if a perſon in Confeſſion divulge to his Confeſſor a plot or a deſign to Murther his Lawful Prince, or do any ſuch ſignal Villany, the *Prieſt* is not bound, nay ought not to Reveal it.

Yet if we may gueſs at the Offence, 'tis moſt reaſonable to imagine, our Penitent had either for fear of loſs or hope of Gain, denyed or acted ſomthing Derogatory to his *Romiſh* Religion, and therefore the Holy Father in Juſtice enjoyned him with equal ſhame and hardſhip to give this publick Teſtimony of his Conformity and Vaſſalage; but why Corporeal puniſhment? can no Commutation money be accepted? has his Holineſs ſhut up ſhop? Can Inceſt, *Sodomy*, Rapes, Treaſon, Murther, *&c.* get off for an eaſie ſum, and this poor man be forced to foot it upon churliſh ſtones, through Crouds of deriding Heriticks; yes *Sirs*! and good Reaſon, ſins againſt God's

God's Holineſs will quickly be pardon'd if you bring ready money; but if you prove Rebellious to Him, and offend againſt his Sacred Orders, your Caſh ſhall not ſatisfie, but your Carkaſs ſuffer for it.

What ſay you now Gentlemen, do not your Teeth water, and fingers itch to be tampering with the *Romiſh Church*? Is it not a rare happineſs to live under the Tyranny of an Imperious Prieſt; that if you do not feed him continually with Gold to ſoften his Rigour, can ſend you when he liſts on ſuch a pleaſant walk as this was, and you dare as well ſtand the ſhock of a *Baſiliſk*, as refuſe to obey.

Yet let none accuſe the Church of *Rome* for her Severities, though ſhe have now and then ſuch a fit of the Sullens, ſhe is generally Free, Buxom, and good Natur'd, and then ſhe will tell you that by Sacramental Penance ſhe can change the Eternal puniſhments of Hell into the Temporal ones of Purgatory; and after that, will afford you a lumping penny-worth of Indulgences to buy off thoſe Temporal Torments of Purgatory, ſo that Hell is quitted, Purgatory diſcharged, and Heaven opened, and hey then up go we; and is not this a more eaſie and pleaſant way to Glory by halt, than ſtriving perpetually to reſiſt our ſins, to offer an holy Violence to our Souls, to reſtrain our ſenſual deſires, to labour hard in bringing our Rebellious hearts to the obedience of Faith, to Crucifie the Old Man, & ſail to Heaven in an Ocean of Blood, or Deluge of Tears.

FINIS.